

The WESLEYAN



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SOCIAL VALUE OF THE FORD

C. R. JENKINS.

*I live in the hills, the beautiful hills,
Surrounded by woods and bright, rippling rills,
Green leaves in the springtime and autumn of gold—
Oh! the world full of beauty, of glory untold.*

*I live in the hills, the far-away hills.
No noise but the humming of mossy old mills,
Far from the town with its mad, rushing throng,
My companions the birds with their beautiful song.*

*And yet, not the beauty of radiant hills
Contents me, nor music of wood my heart fills.
I must have the touch of humanity's crowd;
For human companions my soul cries aloud.*

*In the midst of the hills, the quiet old hills,
New music is mingled with rippling of rills;
The horn of the Ford is a new note now heard
With the hum of the mills and the song of the bird.*

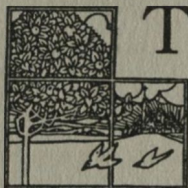
*These Fords in the hills have shortened the miles,
Brought neighbors together and broadened their smiles.
I've the church, school and market next door, praise the
Lord,*

I live in the hills, but I've purchased a Ford.

*He may not stop war, but I think that he can,
For Ford is a mighty, a masterful man.
He abolished the distance from city to rills
And moved me to town in the midst of my hills.*

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES

FREDA SCHOFIELD, '16.



THE snow was falling in heavy flakes that wintry afternoon as John Haywood came hurriedly out of the Imperial Hotel, threw his suitcase to the waiting chauffeur and exclaimed to him as he jumped into the closed taxi,

"Do your best now. Our time is very short."

The gleam from the street and shop lights played fantastically on the glass window panes, but within it was too dark for him to discern the richly dressed lady in the other corner. John Haywood was a handsome young man of about thirty and had been very successful in the business world, but not at all so in the social world. It was his sister's one regret that her brother, whom she dearly loved, would have absolutely nothing to do with her girl friends. A few minutes before, John had escorted his sister to the taxi and had returned to the hotel for a valise which she had forgotten. Elizabeth, after much urging, had persuaded him to take part in the wedding of their first cousin, Jane Haywood. John was to act as one of the ushers, while Elizabeth was to be the maid of honor; they were on the way to the wedding now.

Impatient to see how the time was passing, John struck a match. As the light flickered, he observed his companion; he struck another match and uttered in surprise as it, too, went out.

"But you aren't my sister."

"Sir, you must have the wrong car," haughtily replied the lady as she put her big muff up to her face.

"By Jove, what a fix!" thought young Haywood, the well known woman-hater. But politeness forced him to ask what might be his companion's destination.

"The Union Station," was her seemingly curt reply.

"Well, at least I won't be carrying you out of your way," said Haywood, "for that is where I am going also, and we just have time enough to catch that four o'clock train."

Happily for Haywood, further conversation was unnecessary as the taxi drew up just then in front of the station. In the bright light there he observed that his companion was richly and daintily dressed and was beautiful, even he had to admit that. He cast one anxious look over the crowd for his sister, but then, seeing that the lady looked distressed, something more than politeness this time led him to ask if he might be of any assistance to her.

"I was waiting for my brother at the hotel," she explained, "and he has all of my money and the tickets. We were to go to Holmesburg on this train."

"To Holmesburg! Why, that's where I'm going also. Listen, I already have the tickets and as I made you miss your brother you must use mine. But we will have to hurry," he added as he took her by the arm and led her to the train.

In the excitement of assisting such a beautiful lady it was no wonder that Haywood thought no more of his sister until the train was well on its way. When he did remember, it was too late; their destination was only thirty miles away and the train made no stops in between. He could only trust that his sister would manage somehow.

Now that she was safely on her way, the lady was no longer at a loss to know what to do. She immediately started a sprightly conversation with Haywood, who, in spite of himself, found that he was actually enjoying it and that his companion was as attractive and entertaining as she was beautiful. They soon discovered that they were both

on their way to the same place; Miss Margaret Allison, for that was her name, was to be one of the bridesmaids at his cousin's wedding. No further introduction was necessary. John forgot his sister and her brother; the time passed rapidly, only too rapidly for Haywood, who was discovering for the first time how very attractive a young lady might be.

However, they soon reached Holmesburg. Imagine Haywood's surprise at seeing his sister and Miss Allison's brother waiting together for them on the platform. They had come on the same train in the car ahead.

His sister greeted him with

"Well, John, did you enjoy my little surprise?"

"Your little surprise?" he exclaimed. "Then it was a put-up job?"

"Of course it was," replied his sister. "You see I just couldn't stand the way you are always talking about us girls and refusing to have anything to do with us. So together with Margaret, my dearest college chum, whom you refused to meet the other night, we decided to test you."

"Never again for mine," said John Haywood with a grin.

"And to think that you knew about it all the time. Never mind, I'll fix you yet," he whispered to Miss Allison, as they all hastened to the waiting sled.



THE BESETTING HABIT

SALLIE CONLEY, '17.



HABIT is the sum total of what we are: the result obtained with the addends of what we repeatedly have been. This, at least, is the "Thomas's John" factor which Holmes finds in the product of personalities. Whatever definition of habit the individual may choose from the great variety which the philosophers have furnished or his own thoughts have suggested, all people agree that this illusive something, which at first, gently places its hand upon one, and afterwards tightens its hold so gradually that it is not perceptible until the victim is helplessly within its clutch, is, if bad, an enemy to the progress of culture, if good, an elevator to successful service. Its grip has been expressed thus: Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is wholly used up: all of which goes to show that if you want to get rid of habit, you must throw it off altogether.

It is not within my ability, however, to unveil this companion of humanity before your moral vision. My purpose is to show you only one joint of its little finger which I have observed intruding into our library. Now, of course, we all know that there are very many good habits already firmly implanted within our library students. These need no eulogy to insure their continuance, for they will perpetrate themselves by the same strength of purpose through which they were formed until they bring honor to Wesleyan and glory to God. We all do not know, however, that there is

one bad habit struggling to fasten itself upon the inmates of our library, and that this habit will prove to be the millstone about our necks when we launch upon the sea of competition. This habit is none other than selfishness. "Oh," some one says, "that is nothing. It is expected of the person who succeeds in this age." Think a moment, the corner stone of culture is unselfishness; every rule of etiquette is based upon unselfishness; society makes the unselfish man its hero; no century has valued unselfishness as does this century. But, if despite all this, we choose the defective foundation stone of selfishness, at some unguarded moment our cultural structure with all of its grandeur will collapse upon a life opportunity. This is not an unfounded prediction. It is the statement of an inevitable result.

For convenience of illustration, let us embody in one girl all of the selfish habits of our library students, and accompany this selfish girl as she makes one of those combination calls of pleasure and duty into the library. She opens the door half way, stands with her hand on the knob, and finishes a conversation with her friend who has now reached the elevator. She then enters, and, as an announcement of her arrival, slams the door. She greets her friend across the library with a stage-whispered hey! and rushes across to her. A vigorous conversation about odds and ends of nothing, interspersed with giggles, floats from them upon the otherwise peaceful waves, and disturbs such renowned personages as the old Greek philosophers, the Latin orators, and the Elizabethan poets, who are intent upon gaining the minds and the hearts of their readers. Suddenly our selfish girl wonders what the paper said of her party last night, and she and her friend go to the paper racks. The student glances from her book to see if a whirlwind from a printing office has struck the library, but she sees that it is only two girls searching the papers. At this moment the classmate of our selfish girl hastens in, out of breath in her eagerness

to fulfill the date which she had to "study together in the library this period." Our selfish girl leaves her friend to continue the paper rattling, while she fulfils her date to study. The date is filled by Chinese measure. There yet remains, before the bell, a fragment of time which would make "perfectly good parallel." Consequently our girl brings from the shelf a new book, throws it upon the table, shuffles the chairs, seats herself heavily, and concentrates her energies upon popping her chewing gum for two or three minutes. She then opens the book, breaks its back, so as to prevent having to hold it open, marks the passages which impress her, and leaves the book in a most dilapidated condition. Not once does it occur to her that she has damaged another's property, nor that the library will be deprived of some other choice book by the necessity of replacing the one which her selfishness has ruined. After another little conversation, she announces her departure from the library by the same door slam; and again her mind loses the opportunity of meditating upon personal rights and privileges of others.

What future can we hope for the girl who has one, some, or all of these habits! Will she always *remember* to close the door noiselessly? Will she always be silent when the place and the time demand silence? Will she ever learn to read a paper instead of rattle it? Will she be able to possess a library of her own, should her husband be other than a millionaire? Probably so, since the maid would be left to dust the books. Will she always remember to leave her chewing gum at home? Will she continually reverence the thought, right, and privilege of another? Will she always think to serve her fellows? Now all of us know how impossible it is for conduct to be ruled entirely by thought, and how possible it is for conduct to be ruled entirely by habit. Of vital consequence then it is, that good habits dominate our lives. The world will never accept diamonds nor furs

as intellectual or moral currency. It will thoroughly test us to see if we are what we claimed to be in that guarded moment; and the only friend to stand by our side throughout this test will be habit. Let us, then, form all of those habits which strengthen us, and destroy those which weaken us. Let us begin now to abolish the habit of selfishness in the library before it gains a stronger hold; and to form the habit of the Golden Rule, for by no other rule is genuine culture secured.



THE COMING OF SPRING

RUTH WHITE, '16.

*Spring is the guest of the world to-day,
The fields her treasures hold.
She brings with her gifts that are ever new,
Yet eons ago they were old.*

*The gladness of earth is wakened for her,
And sadness is banished afar.
Nothing unlovely is left in the land
The glorious beauty to mar.*

*Gay little birds are thronging the woods,
They flock to the "saengerfest;"
With warblings and trills their throats are filled,
In homage to the guest.*

*The clouds are sending their showers down;
No lovelier tribute is paid
Than the dew-drenched buds in the fields of morn,
Opening at sight of the maid.*

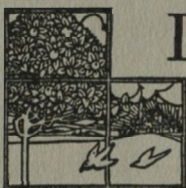
*So light and gay is the heart of the world,
Its guest but fain would stay,
But lo! while men still seek her face
The maid has slipped away.*

*O wise little guest, who lingers not
Till men are weary of spring,
The year would be dull without the joys
Thy smile doth always bring.*

*Our voices are blended with brooks and with birds,
A gladsome song to sing.
The jubilant world now heralds with joy
The coming of the spring.*

MINNIE LOU

MARTHA ANDREW, '17.



IT had all been so different from what Minnie Lou had expected college to be, and now, three months had gone by and the longer poor Minnie Lou stayed at the school the more she hated it. She had always thought of college as a wonderful place where all the girls gathered in each other's rooms and had good times; for thus her Aunt Minnie had talked of her days in college. But alas, no one ever came to her single room except to borrow a book, and no one ever asked her to another room for a feast. Yet she knew that they had feasts and made candy, for often she had heard them.

When Minnie Lou arrived from the little mountain town, with her flat brown trunk, Miss Lizzie, the housekeeper, had put her in a room with the most adorable girl, and Minnie Lou just knew that everything was going to be just as Aunt Minnie had described it. But the next day Helen Finney moved out of the room. She said that the girl across the hall wanted her to room with her. Helen thought that it would be more congenial for her to room with Mary Blue. So Miss Lizzie put another girl in the room with Minnie Lou, but for some unknown reason the second girl chose to change room-mates before the day was over, and so the second night of Minnie Lou's stay at college she spent vainly trying not to cry in her disappointment. She kept wondering why those two girls would rather room with some other girl instead of with her. Finally she went to sleep, having decided that it was not because Helen Finney had disliked her, but because Helen must have known Mary

Blue better, and so perhaps the case had been with the second girl assigned to room with her.

The next day Miss Lizzie with her sweet, low voice came and talked to Minnie Lou.

"Don't you think, my dear, that you would like a single room for awhile? And later on, if you find some one whom you would like to room with, you can change."

So Minnie Lou had put her few things back into her little brown trunk and moved into the single room. Needless to say, she was very unhappy. She did not know how to act with other girls, because she had lived in the mountains with her invalid aunt ever since she could remember. Her aunt had taught her everything from the A, B, C's to Latin, Greek, French, and German, for there had been nothing to do but to read and study and wander over the mountains.

In the rush of the first month, when everybody was getting schedules fixed and buying books, Minnie Lou was not so lonely. She was getting the regular habits of school, living by bells, eating by bells, and sleeping by bells. At first she found it hard to recite in classes, but she soon became accustomed to it, and all the professors realized that the little sallow-complexioned girl with the stringy black hair was more intelligent than the other girls in her class. There was never a day when she did not know the whole of every lesson.

After awhile the girls did start to coming to her room, but it was at night during study hour, for the purpose of borrowing her History note-book, or working Geometry, or reading Latin. Minnie Lou always appreciated their coming. But often, just before light bell, when all the girls would be running to each other's rooms kissing each other "good-night," and taking goodies to their "crushes," then it was that she felt most lonely. Why didn't someone knock at her door and why did the girls always snicker at each other when they looked at her? She knew that she was a

little different from them, but it was not her fault, for hadn't she tried by the hour to make her hair look fluffy, and hadn't she rubbed her cheeks till the skin peeled off, trying to make them look pink like Helen Finney's, or Mary Blue's?

Then one night after she had cried quietly to herself for an hour, there came to her what she thought was a revelation. Yes, the trouble was, she decided, that she always knew too much. Of course the girls didn't like anybody whom the professors held up as an example. So she would just act like other girls, even if she couldn't look like them. She decided on a scheme.

When the first breakfast bell rang she was all ready for breakfast, but instead of going, she stayed in her room till five minutes after the second bell. Then she almost ran into the dining room.

"Why, Minnie Lou, are you sick?" asked Miss Katherine, the English teacher.

"No," said Minnie Lou, flushing, "I just couldn't get here." She tried hard to imitate the "I-don't-care" expression of other girls who were late.

Every girl at the table gasped. They had all made that self-same remark, but never had they heard Minnie Lou Richardson give such an unsatisfactory answer. And Minnie Lou late for breakfast! Why, it was unheard of!

In History, when Professor Crane asked for a certain important event in English History, which he had requested the class to look up for the day's lesson, and when, after five girls said that they had "forgotten," he asked Minnie Lou, she answered, "I forgot to look it up." All the time she was biting her tongue to keep from telling all about the event.

Blank amazement was written on Professor Crane's face, as well as upon the faces of all the class. After class there were murmurs among the girls.

"Do you know, Elizabeth, I don't believe she means to have that 'I know it all' expression."

"Why, I almost think Minnie is human."

That afternoon Minnie Lou went to town. She always went by herself because she was afraid of a refusal if she invited anybody to go with her. Just before going, she received a letter from her dear Aunt Minnie, which had brought the usual homesick tears to her large, dark eyes. At the end of the letter there was a long postscript. "My dear, I have written you to buy some new clothes a number of times. I know how girls like to have pretty clothes at school, and I want you to look as sweet as the other girls. I have sent you money and told you to send for more if you need it, but you have never mentioned buying anything. You know, dear, you can have all you want, for you have the small fortune that your father left you. I would not have you think that clothes make the girl, but please, my dear, do get one new frock at least." Yes, now that she stopped to think of it, she did remember reading in her letters from her aunt something about buying new clothes, but she had always been so busy studying and wondering why people thought her queer, that she had not paid much attention to her aunt's request about buying clothes. The bills were still in her handkerchief box, where she had carelessly put them as each new one came. Well, sometime she would go to town and get her a pretty suit just like Helen Finney's brown one, but to-day she would just get the linen that Aunt Minnie wanted. So to town alone she went.

She spent as much time as she could over the buying of the linen and a few other things to send her aunt, and then it was time to go back to the college if she intended to be on time, but she was not going to be on time. For once she would be late. So she calmly stood on the corner and deliberately let two cars pass her. Then, when the car came that would make her ten minutes late, she got on it, and a

few minutes afterward, in the sight of several horrified girls, Minnie Lou Richardson signed "Late."

That night there was to be a party for the Freshmen, and there were to be some boys at the party. All the girls were excited over the event. Minnie Lou decided to "cut" supper, a thing she had never been known to do, and to try for the hundredth time to make herself "look like other girls." But alas, she could not. She might have been acting like them, in not knowing lessons and being late, but she could not make her hair fluffy or her cheeks red. Finally in despair she put her head on the dresser and sobbed. Oh, why was she not like other girls? What would Aunt Minnie think if she knew that Minnie Lou had failed to be one of the girls. There was a knock at the door, but she paid no attention, hoping for once that, whoever it might be, she would go away. But it was Helen Finney, and she was a persistent person when she had to borrow some one's History note-book, and Helen opened the door.

"Why, Minnie Lou, whatever is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing, oh——oh——please go away," sobbed Minnie Lou.

"I'll do nothing of the sort. You just turn round here and tell me what is the matter. I knew you were sick, or something, because you were late for breakfast, and you didn't know your history."

"Oh, but I was late on purpose, and I knew the old history and just wouldn't say it because none of you knew it. I'm not sick; but I——I want to make my hair look like yours for the party to-night."

"Why, Minnie Lou Richardson! I didn't know you cared about anything but studying."

"But I do. I tried to make believe that I didn't, but I do want to be like the other girls."

For a full minute Helen sat on the bed and gazed in open wonder at Minnie Lou; slowly she drew her feet up under

her on the bed and sat with her elbows on her knees, in deep thought. Then her glance fell on a stiff, beruffled dress of heavy white linen—and then she had an inspiration!

“Minnie”—she left off the Lou—“Come on in my room. We are just about the same height and figure, and I believe I can find something to make you look pretty if you do as I tell you.”

Minnie Lou just looked at Helen. Her violet eyes seemed to grow larger as she looked, and then she gasped, “Oh, Helen!”

Helen scrambled off the bed and grabbed Minnie Lou by the hand.

On Helen’s bed there lay a dainty pink chiffon dress, with slippers and ribbon to match. Helen opened the trunk and brought out a blue frock almost like the pink one. Then she fumbled through the top tray of the trunk and pulled forth blue slippers and stockings.

“Minnie, try these on,” she commanded in her little peremptory way.

“Oh, but I can’t bor——”

“Don’t say a word, you little goose. You are under the orders of this captain.” And Minnie Lou slipped on the slippers and silk stockings, which just fit.

“Now, Minnie, come over to the dresser and sit with your back to the mirror, ’cause I don’t want you to see yourself till I get you fixed up.”

So the work of transformation began. Helen had no easy job before her. The long black hair seemed at first so stringy and fine that it would not stay as she fixed it. However, after much trouble, it became fluffy enough to fix. As Helen fixed Minnie’s hair, she realized that that was why Minnie Lou had always looked so queer—because she had slicked her hair up so. Then Helen powdered Minnie Lou’s neck and arms, and as she put the powder on the oval

face which was now framed in a fluffy mass of soft black hair, she began to realize that Minnie Lou was pretty.

"Now dear, let's put on the dress, and then you can see yourself," chirped Helen.

When she finished fastening hooks and pinning on bows, she herself had to gasp in wonder at her own work. Certainly it had been a wonderful transformation. Why, Minnie was not just pretty—she was beautiful.

"Minnie Lou Richardson, look at yourself—look in the mirror! You are beautiful!" she cried, turning Minnie Lou to the mirror.

Minnie Lou could not believe that it was her own reflection that she saw—the slim, dark-haired girl with no longer that sallow look, but a delicate olive complexion with a faint tint of color, most of which was her own, for she was flushed with excitement.

"It's me! Is it me?" she murmured, regardless of all grammar. "Why, I look like other girls! Oh, Helen, you made me look like this. How can I ever thank——"

"You don't need to thank me. You are just naturally beautiful, and I am going to show you how to fix your hair that way all the time. And now, dear, run on to the party, because it's time now, and I'll be there in twenty minutes."

With that Helen began dressing at a mad rate, and was at the party almost on time. As she entered the room she saw a group of boys and girls, mostly boys, gathered about a slim, dark-haired girl who was laughing and talking gayly. Everybody was in love with her, and all the boys wanted to talk to her. But when Minnie Lou saw Helen she pushed through the little crowd and ran to meet her.

"Yes, my dear, she made a hit with all those boys, and that grand looking Thomas boy is just crazy about her," chattered Mary Blue as she was undressing that night after

the party. "Helen, how in the world did you do it? And did you know she is an heiress? I heard one of the professors tell some one to-night. I really think she would be worth knowing, for everybody is just crazy about her. And I heard her say something about giving a houseparty at their mountain home."

Helen did not answer. She was thinking how little character she had shown herself to have by refusing to room with Minnie Lou in order to room with a girl who believed in knowing only people who would do her some good socially. And Minnie Lou had held no ill-will toward her for it, and Minnie Lou had plenty of money and still was not so foolish as to think of nothing but clothes. To think that Minnie Lou had tried to copy girls who went through school slighting their studies and neglecting duties. Why, every one of them ought to be taking her for a model.

There came a timid knock at the door.

"Come," sang out Mary.

"Oh—I thought Helen was in here," said Minnie Lou.

"She is, dear. Come right in," gushed Mary. "I was just coming myself to kiss you good-night."

Minnie Lou looked at her. No, she had never wanted to act like Mary Blue. She went over to the bed where Helen was sitting.

"I—I just thought I would come and—and kiss you good-night," whispered Minnie Lou, "and to tell you what a good time I had. I never in all my life had such a good time, and I want to thank you."

Helen slipped her arm around Minnie. "Don't say that, Minnie. I am a perfect beast, and it hurts for you to say I am good. But sometime I want you to spend the night with me and I am going to tell you what a beast I am—and what a true girl you are. Will you?"

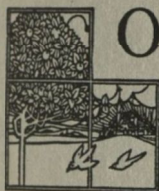
"Me—me? You want *me* to spend the night with you? Oh, Helen!"

That night Minnie Lou did not cry herself to sleep; instead, she lay awake for a long time thinking happily over the party, and she went to sleep saying over and over to herself, "and she wants me, wants me to spend the night with her, to—spend—the night——"



FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

LINDA KATHERINE ANDERSON, '19.



OF all the great lives that have been lived since the beginning of time, there is probably not one which is capable of stirring a girl's heart to high and noble emotions more than that of Florence Nightingale. The noble self-sacrifice and the beautiful simplicity of her character, to say nothing of the magnificent work she accomplished and the great joy she brought wherever she went, are enough to make us who have never seen her love and admire her with a feeling which we have for no one else.

Picture a dainty, delicate, refined little girl with a heart full of passionate tenderness for every suffering bit of humanity and you have little Florence Nightingale. As far back as she could remember there had been deep within the little girl's heart the passionate longing, and a little later the definite determination, to devote her entire life to caring for those who suffered. When a little thing her games were characteristic for she would pretend that her dolls were sick or wounded and would bandage them and nurse them back to health. Her first living patient was a shepherd's dog which she found hurt one day. Then she showed her remarkable talent by the way she skillfully bandaged the wounded foot and cared for the dog until he was as well as ever.

Her firm determination to devote her life to the care of the suffering deepened as she grew into a sweet, fragile, young woman. Although rich, pretty, and well-educated she had a natural shrinking from society and spent her young womanhood in obtaining the best training possible

for her work as a nurse. She neglected nothing that would make her proficient in her self-chosen task.

All this time she was preparing herself for her "Great Opportunity" although at that time she did not know what it would be. And then in 1854 her trumpet call of duty came to her in the shape of the Crimean War. She was deeply stirred, as was every one in England, by the reports of the suffering of the soldiers fighting for their country in the Crimea. In the filthy little hole which served as hospital there was utter absence of means to allay the suffering, and the death rate was enormous. A woman's skillful hand was needed, and everyone knew that there was one woman in England capable of doing what was needed,—that that woman was Florence Nightingale. Although it seemed almost impossible that a delicate, refined lady like Miss Nightingale should go to the horrible place, yet she immediately offered her services. They were accepted and she set out for the Crimea with a staff of thirty-seven nurses, and plenty of hospital supplies.

The story of Florence Nightingale's work in that bare, dirty little hospital is one that is unequaled in its beauty. Soldiers often wept as she went quietly in and out among them, as for the first time in months they felt the soft touch of a woman's hand, and a woman's voice soothed their sorrows. She was an ever present angel to the poor suffering soldiers, flitting noiselessly through the wards, stopping to lay her cool hand on some fevered brow and whisper a word of sympathy.

When she was preparing to return home the people of England sent a man-of-war to conduct her home and planned for her a triumphant entry, but she slipped in quietly and unexpectedly by a French ship and reached her country home before the news of her coming was made public. She continued her benevolent work even after her return home, although her health was broken.

How can any girl read and study the life and character of this wonderful woman and not feel stirred to nobler, higher things? It makes us long to do something great with our life, to mean something to the world to carry sunshine wherever we go. And is that not in a measure possible for each one of us? Probably we can not have as great an opportunity to serve so many people as Florence Nightingale had, but it is possible for each one of us to be bearers of sunshine and workers of good in the world wherever we are.



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LEILA LEGG	Junior Editor

LITTLE THINGS AND HAPPINESS

We need a change of attitude toward what we generally call "little things," and to learn that little things are often big things, after all. In spite of being told so often that the little things of life count most, and quoting "trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle," we miss the meaning of it, and continue to despise "little things," and to aspire only to the "great things," forgetting that slighting the small is a sure way to fail in attaining the great.

Much of the wonder and beauty of life is to be found in the commonplace, the "little things;" and if those who go seeking the great thing called happiness would realize what a value there is in an appreciation of those "little things," it would further the attainment of their quest. A modern ethical writer devotes a chapter of his book to the doctrine that happiness is attainable, and that one essential to attaining it is the appreciation of the wonder and beauty that the commonplace holds for men of "the seeing eye and hearing ear."

"There is more beauty," he says, "more interest here in this mundane existence of ours, more inspiration, more inexhaustible possibility of enjoyment than the keenest of us has dreamed of. We need some sort of shaking up to rouse us to the beauty of common things—the freshness of the air we breathe, the warmth of sunshine, the green of trees and fields and the blue of the sky, the joy in exercise of brain and muscle, in reading and talking and sharing in the life of the world; and in such daily things as eating at the family table when we are hungry, or a good night's sleep when we are tired.

"The smile of a happy child, a friend's good fortune, a sunrise or moonlit cloud-strewn sky, should bring a pure gladness to any one who has eyes to see and heart to feel.

"The true lover of beauty will not need to seek forever new scenes and objects to admire. He will find that which can feed his heart in the clouds of morning, the blue of noon, or the stars of night. One graceful vase with a flower-stalk bending over to display its drooping blossoms, will fill him with a quiet happiness; the merry laughter of a child, the tender smile of a lover, the rugged features of a weather-beaten laborer, will stir his soul to response; a few lines of poetry remembered in the midst of work, a simple song sung in the twilight, a print of some old master hanging by his bedside, a bird-call heard at sunset or the scent of evening air after rain, may so speak to his spirit that he will say, 'It is enough!'"

If happiness is only an attitude of mind, and if, as our author says, "it is to be sought not primarily by changing one's environment, but by changing one's self; not by acquiring new things but by acquiring a new attitude toward things," the quest of happiness may not be fruitless, after all, when energies are properly directed toward changing self

instead of environment, and when the spirit of this prayer is felt,

*"Give me not scenes more charming; give me eyes
To see the beauty that around me lies.*

*No golden shore I ask, but a heart that sings
The exquisite delight of common things.
The kingdom of heaven is not there, but here.
O for the seeing eye and hearing ear!"*

* * * * *

"The world is a looking-glass, and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face."—*Thackeray*.

* * * * *

*We scorn at the follies of others;
We laugh at the pains and smarts;
But oh, if we only could see, dear,
What lies written deep on their hearts.*

—SARA CARSTARPHEN, '16.



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*"Not by Might, Nor by Power, But by My Spirit, Saith
the Lord of Hosts."*

EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESS ON GRACE HOADLEY DODGE

Grace Hoadley Dodge was a pioneer in women's industrial education, a statesman in organization, a devoted daughter, a faithful friend. Her influence has touched thousands of lives, directly through her strong, simple personality, and indirectly through the clubs, colleges and associations which she helped establish.

She died on December 27, 1914, in her fifty-ninth year. Her friends,—those who love her, those whose lives have been broadened and lightened through her activities, those who though not knowing her admire her work—wishing to express in permanent form their love and admiration for her, are raising in her memory an endowment fund for the

national organization of which she was president at the time of her death, the *National Board of the Young Women's Christian Associations of the United States of America*.

In considering some of the work done by Miss Dodge, let us first glance back thirty-five years to a time when education was looked upon largely as a mere matter of information from books. At that time only a few thinkers here and there were pondering over the bearing of education on the ordinary activities of life and were wondering if definite correlation could not be obtained between them. In 1880 they put some of their ideas to the test and incorporated the Kitchen Garden Association for the promotion of domestic industrial arts among the laboring classes. Four years later they enlarged the scope of their work and reorganized as the Industrial Education Association, an association which undertook not only to provide training in domestic arts and sciences but also to train teachers. They made Miss Dodge vice-president, and from the start she was actually acting president. By 1886, the work she did through the association had brought her into such prominence that she was elected by the Mayor of New York City to be School Commissioner, in her case a special honor, as she was the first woman to occupy such a position. Under her guidance, the association for many years conducted classes in manual training, domestic arts and sciences, and also the training of teachers. As an outgrowth of her teaching and of the results she was achieving, the necessity for practical education impressed itself upon people's minds and it was not long before the example she set was followed by others, notably in the founding of the Association of Sewing Schools, Vacation Schools, the Pratt, Drexel, and Armour Institutes; in the holding of Children's Industrial Exhibitions; and in the starting of kindergarten associations.

Soon after Miss Dodge's appointment as School Commissioner, the Industrial Education Association made an

alliance with Columbia University. Under several successive names, the work of the association was continued and developed by the untiring zeal of Miss Dodge. During these years, Miss Dodge, not having any independent fortune of her own, could not herself finance her ideas and ideals and so she spent much of her time in personally seeing people to enlist their interest and support. Convinced that her ideas were right and that the changing conditions of modern life throughout the world required corresponding changes in education, she threw herself into this labor of love and gave her life and strength to it. Nothing daunted or tired her. Often out of sixty calls made in person from door to door she could get only one financial response. But her enthusiasm was contagious, her principles were true; it could but follow that she must succeed.

Miss Dodge was a pioneer thinker who saw things both as they are and as they should be. She was free from prejudices; she was creative, open to new ideas, and ahead of the times. The education of the times to her vision was her great triumph. The soundness of her judgment and the correctness of her prophetic insight have borne the severe test of experience; and there has stood for about twenty years, and there still stands, that splendid and successful monument to her sagacity, one of the great educational institutions of the world: Teachers College of Columbia University.

Her next great conception was our National Association—the affiliation of the Young Women's Christian Associations throughout the country into one homogeneous body. It was to this object that she now gave her heart and soul and which was to be the brightest jewel in the crown of her life's work. The first step was the union of the two national organizations, the American Committee and the International Board, into the National Board, and this result Miss Dodge accomplished through her rare tact and sound

judgment. Elected President on its foundation in 1907, she has given to its development the same enthusiasm and zeal which she displayed for Teachers College. But there was one great difference. She now possessed an independent fortune so that she herself could finance her ideals and ideas to the large degree of which I shall presently speak. She consulted able business men, many of whom had been her advisors during the long years of the upbuilding of Teachers College. They felt that her plan to underwrite the expenses of the National Board would accelerate results and eliminate many heartbreaking years of pioneering usually attendant upon the development of new ideas. Twenty years was the time she allotted for the National Board to reach such a point of efficiency and usefulness that the general public would support it entirely.

She believed that during the first years of expansion, it would be necessary for her largely to increase the amount of her donations but she was sanguine there would be a decrease of their percentage to the total expenses which would be a sure indication that the response from the public and income from the departments were increasing. As these increases became greater and greater, it is obvious her donations could become smaller and smaller until they could be reduced to a normal level, the most concrete evidence of the approval by the public of the National Board. Her ideas of normal were very generous, however, as it is known she had in mind the support of the Department of Field Work, which in 1914 amounted to almost \$15,000 which she foresaw would grow further. She also meant to build up an endowment fund for the headquarters buildings. So certain was she of success that she planned gradually to withdraw from leadership in order to release her energies for other enterprises. But at the time of her death only eight years had elapsed and not twenty. Already the National Association has partially fulfilled her ideal that it should rest on

financial foundations that are laid in all parts of the country and made up of local associations as well as individuals. But its full realization is still a dream, and all who have caught its gleam must work hand in hand for its more rapid development.

Because of Miss Dodge's generosity and that of others whose interest was aroused through her, the National Board has attained its present usefulness many years earlier than it could have otherwise, and has been spared the heart-breaking features of pioneering of which her wide experience with other organizations warned her as being usually attendant upon the development of new ideas. Such a friend can not die. She lives, an ever present inspiration. No one person can take her place, but many together may carry on her work. We can show our appreciation of what she has done for us by carrying out her idea of a united Association, each one doing her part towards supplying the need until it is all met. Our task of securing in a year a National constituency that normally would have been built up in a decade becomes transformed into a challenge to high faith and joyful endeavor,—in the living memory of such a friend.



ALUMNAE NOTES

EDWINA TEASLEY, *Editor.*

Evelyn Wright, '14, of Newnan, Ga., and Mary Dudley Fort, of Danville, have been at the college several times during their visit in Macon.

* * * * *

Mary Robeson, '14, of Marietta, Ga., was the guest of her sister, Harriet, for a few days last month.

* * * * *

Mrs. Nelson Mallory, formerly Willie Erminger, of Macon, made an interesting and inspiring talk in the Y. W. C. A. during the Jubilee week.

* * * * *

Mattie Sue Taylor, of Americus, was the guest of Laleah Wight at the college for a few days last month on her return from Waynesboro, where she was a member of a delightful Wesleyan house party.

* * * * *

Virginia Fraser, '13, of Atlanta, who was the guest of Elizabeth Solomon in Macon during February, was at the college for a few days with Leila Legg.

* * * * *

Miss Lois Rogers, who holds the chair of Psychology and Religious Education at Wesleyan, attended the Sunday School Convention in Cuthbert, in February.

* * * * *

Emma Mae Rambo, '13, of Marietta, Ga., stopped for a day at the college on her way to Florida, where she will spend the winter.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

RUTH WHITE

SARA CARSTARPHEN

The Emory Phoenix is worked up to its usual standard of excellence. Alliteration and onomatopoeia give vividness to "The Funeral;" one can see the solemn procession, and hear the heavy tread of the horses. It would be well to have the editorial "A Neglected Opportunity" read from the rostrum of every college chapel.

* * * * *

The drawings in the "Wofford College Journal" are clever and witty. It is different from the majority of school magazines and shows great individuality. From cover to cover it is permeated with alma mater love.

* * * * *

The stories in "The Concept" are well written. Conan Doyle may well look to his laurels, for if the author of "Three Reasons Why" stays in the detective story business, the reporter of the "Bugle" will become a formidable rival of the world renowned Sherlock Holmes.

The article on "Compulsory Education in Mississippi" is a good argument in favor of this much agitated question. Of course one realizes that there is no such thing as "compulsory education" per se, but much good will be gained through laws necessitating "compulsory attendance" at school, and by constant attendance some may get educated. His statement is true that "every ignorant, inefficient man, white or black, in a community, makes it poorer; makes everybody in the community poorer."

LOCALS

LALEAH WIGHT, Editor.

Mr. Daniel, in History class: "In what direction from here is Paris, Miss Day?"

E. D.: "I don't know anything about Macon, Mr. Daniel."

* * * * *

L. C.: "Leila, come call the mail."

L. L.: "Oh, that's beneath my calling."

* * * * *

L. L.: "I'll be restricted all during exams."

E. T.: "How can you 'stand it?'"

* * * * *

L. C.: "I'd marry a man if he had a horse and buggy."

M. A.: "I wouldn't marry one if he didn't have an automobile."

C. B.: "Oh, don't be so mercenary, Margaret."

M. A.: "I'm not mercer-nary—he goes to Tech."

* * * * *

Mr. Quillian, in Physiology: "An elephant has about three thousand muscles in his trunk. A woman must have packed it."

* * * * *

Mr. Rosser, talking to the class about the harm of cigarettes: "Young ladies, this is a burning question."

D. T., speaking of the girls who had LaGrippe: "You'd better not come in here, Mary. These girls have all got suit cases."

* * * * *

N. W., to the librarian: "Can I get 'under a fool's cap?'"

There was a credulous pause, as if someone were considering the appropriateness of such headgear, before Nell got the book.

* * * * *

Here's to our friends and our frocks:
May we have them long.

* * * * *

Here's to our faults and the library:
May silence be maintained.

* * * * *

Here's to our "dates" and our pocketbooks:
May they always be filled.

* * * * *

Here's to our sweethearts and studies:
May they never conflict.

* * * * *

CAMPUS DICTIONARY.

Faculty: A hunk of knowledge.

Text-book: A table decoration.

Unsatisfactory: A slang expression used by the Faculty.

O: A mark indicating that a student has recited.

Question: The Faculty's polite form of recognition.

Rest: An unknown quantity.

Pharmacy: The Mecca for Wesleyan girls.

A Mercer boy: Forbidden fruit that hangs on the corner.

The most delightful affair of this month was the old-fashioned candy-pulling given by the Faculty of the household to the student body. The parlor and library were thrown open, and beautifully decorated in a color scheme of green and pink. After many amusing feats, we were led to the dining room where the aroma of the candy and a network of doughnuts and peanuts which were strung on cords about the room aroused our gustatory sensations to the highest pitch. At a late hour the merry-makers separated, declaring that they had never had such a good time before in their lives.

* * * * *

The student body and general public had the opportunity of hearing one of the best known entertainers in the South, Mrs. William Calvin Chilton, on January 31, in the Chapel. Mrs. Chilton interpreted "Polly of the Circus" in a masterful manner, and the audience listened with sympathetic attention. She is a reader of high attainments, and she has a distinctive style of her own.

* * * * *

The first public students' recital of the year brought forth a most delightful program. Only graduates take part in these programs. Quite a number will be given during the year. The following program was rendered to an appreciative audience:

Piano, Coresta, Op. 26 (1st movement; Beethoven)—Ethleen Pafford.

Piano, Nocturne, G major (Chopin)—Verna French.
Vocal:

- a. The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree (MacDowell);
- b. Mid-summer Lullaby (MacDowell); c. In the Woods (MacDowell); d. I Hear a Thrush at Eve (Cadman)—Drusilla Douglas.

Organ, Suite No. 2 (Jas. Rogers); Praeludium—Variations Pastorale—Mrs. W. E. Shelverton.

Piano, Tarantelle (S. B. Mills)—Martha Andrew.

Piano, a. Romance in F sharp (Schumann); b. Polonaise, in A major (Chopin)—Louise Jones.

Vocal, a. Inter Nos (MacFadyen); b. Cradle Song (MacFadyen); c. Valley of Laughter (Sanderson)—Hazel Rogers.

Violin, a. Old Melody (Sinding); b. Serenade (Kreisler)—Constance Horne.

Piano, Sonata Op. 7 (1st movement; Grieg)—Eloise Greer.

* * * * *

On January the 20th, the distinguished English pianist, Frederick Morley, gave a piano recital in Wesleyan Auditorium. Although not greatly known in America, Mr. Morley is recognized abroad as the leading English pianist and after his performance at the college, it is not difficult to understand the reason of his great success abroad.

Never before has the immortal genius Bach, been so vitally interpreted in Macon. The piano students who heard Mr. Morley's reading of the monumental Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue were amazed at the possibilities in a Bach Fugue and perhaps never in the history of Wesleyan College has the much-abused Johann Sebastian been as highly esteemed or more diligently practised than since the night Bach came into his own under the master fingers of Frederick Morley.

This recital was one of a series of ten Artist numbers which are being brought to the college this season. Every one of the ten recitals is by a great artist who gives his best for the enrichment of musical culture at Wesleyan.

Following is Mr. Morley's program:

PROGRAMME.

I.

- (a) Chromatic Fantasia and FugueBach
 (b) Sonata in B MinorLiszt

(In One Movement)

NOTE—Liszt dedicated this Sonata to Robert Schumann, over whose life there hung the shadow of a calamity which finally overwhelmed him. This life history seems to be strongly suggested by the composition, which presents, at the very beginning, a sombre, tragic motive, followed by an heroic motive in unison octaves, after which appears a fate motive of repeated notes. These three are worked out in very varied moods,—stern, grotesque, compelling, erotic,—in a complete sonata form.

II.

- (a) Impromptu in F Sharp. (b) Preludes, Nos. 1, 3, 23, 21, 16. (c) Etudes, Opus 10, No. 3, Opus 25, No. 6, Opus 25, No. 11. (d) Scherzo, Opus 20, No. 1—Chopin.

III.

- (a) Prelude in B FlatRachmaninow
 (b) Poissons d'orDebussy
 (c) Prelude in G MinorWatling
 (d) BarcarolleLeschetizky
 (e) Etude en octavesSauer

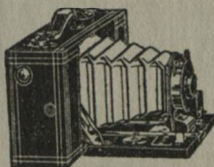
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Two representatives from the class in the Technique of Teaching went to the Methodist Orphans' Home to teach the pupils of the fifth and sixth grades an interesting geography game. They reported a most cordial welcome and an interesting and profitable afternoon.

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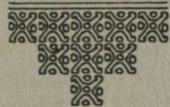
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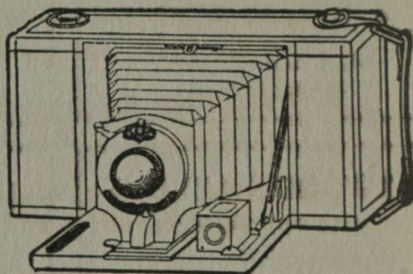
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